

nut, whistle a stick, and wonder at the play of colors in the grain, and finally they find upon a small bush a handsome fruit, and because it much resembles a persimmon, they promptly eat. Then within easy earshot of the company they stretch out upon the moss and sleep, nor dream of the furtive, stealthy steps that encircle them as they lie.

The day comes crawling crimsonly down the lofty Pampan boles accompanied by a maddening chorus of chirping and song, as the tropic woods awake. A blaze of yellow light, and it is broad day. The sleeping company rises stiffly; pipes are lit, and the drowsy mess cooks kindle tiny fires here and there. Coffee is quickly over, and at roll-call two of the company are missing.

Unanswered shoutings reach in eerie calls from the shadowy gorge below. Louder cries are mocked in the high whistles over their heads. A purposeless noise in an awesome place vibrates the nerves that carry fear, so the clamor is stopped, and hurrying squads are sent to beat the near-by thickets. The brother of one of the missing men, and an old chum of the other are in the party that finds them—finds part of them—headless, weltering in a pool of blood beneath a fern tree. There are other things about them that are strange, things that are missing, for aborigines are queer collectors.

The men of the searching squad look at them for a moment in silence, a silence observant of every detail. One curses softly, another bursts into tears, not of sorrow or sympathy, but the tears that are displaced by an underlying load of homesickness and past fever. Another man longs to grasp an object that is lying near, and dance and strick and rave. The corporal says no word, but soon he shakes his head and smiles, a smile to jar the reason of those that see.

Suddenly he whips his revolver from the holster and fires straight into the air. A man questions the act, and says that it is contrary to orders, for this evening before smokes were sighted.

"D—n the orders. I want the others to see!"

The others come—and see. The hard-faced captain gives some sharp-toned orders, and the mutilated corpses are quickly interred where they lie. At the conclusion a man has a chill, and after the chill he raves. Two men carry him bound to a stretcher until he is able to walk again.

They cross the divide that rises between them and the sea beyond, then down they go following the water-course which tumbles in their line of march. Fresh water leads to salt; their destination is the sea, and the beach is easier to travel than tangled forest. Besides they have a horror of the place, and because there is so much room for noise they travel in silence and whisper. Men who laugh at the spit of a Mauser, leap at the hoarse croak of a Toucan. Swarthy cheeks that defied the slanting rays of the tropic sun, blanch at the rustle of a jungle monkey.

They trip on slippery boulders and coast down slanting rocks upon their heels. Their eyes are all about them. Down they go, slipping and falling, bruising their bodies on roots and stones, stung by insects and poisonous plants, choking with thirst (for they have left the stream), and haunted by the shadows now creeping in from the west. Then suddenly they plunge from the tangle into a beaten path and see far below them a vista of sparkling waves.

The head of the column halts while the stragglers come in. Down the slope beneath them a smoke rises straight into the breathless air. They see it without heed, for the town below is friendly, and it is at the earnest supplication of its President that they have come.

On they swing in column of fours, strongly but in silence, for their spirits are as low as the sun that is dropping in the sea beneath. At the bottom of the hill a path turns sharply and winds beneath cane and bananas. Here the captain calls another halt, while his keen and restless eye roves searchingly

over the thick, in the line of march. Far ahead some roofs of Nipa thatch grow golden in the sunset. Above them towers the spire of a cathedral, from whose high belfry no angelus is heard. Quiet is on every hand, but they will find it busy in the market-place. Still, something is lacking, something is in excess. It is the feeling of oppression in the air—the low barometric unrest that affects the nerves of the skilful mariner before the glass begins to fall.

A sharp, quick order, and the company is divided. Another order, and the first platoon halts, while a squad quickly deploys as skirmishers in advance of the column.

The cultivated fields are passed, then the road dips through a thicket before coming out upon the town. Here the jungle advances impenetrably, thick as a fog, darker than the forest, for the light that they have just left.

The last squad has entered, when a rushing arises from the creepers on both sides—the rustling of an anaconda as it uncoils; the rustling of the king cobra, as, with sibilant hiss, it raises its head to strike. It smites first the ears of the captain.

"Lie down!"

Many have obeyed before they hear the order. The jungle spouts flame. There follow parabolic flashes of light and the tint of spear and barong, kris and bolo, as the thickest swarms with life, a fowl, festering life, such as only a tropic sun can spawn.

Nimble the slant-eyed prowlers slip through the bamboo stalks, and heavy knife in hand leap agilely into the road to complete the massacre begun, never thinking that one of the weary-footed foe can have withstood the shock of the unexpected onslaught.

The corporal, who is bunkie to the murdered man of the night before, laughs for the second time that day as he parries a bolo thrust, wrenches the weapon from the claw like hand that wields it, and sends it crashing through the dome-shaped skull. He laughs again as he picks a long spear from the ground, and digs it into the bowels of a native who has thrust a Remington against his breast. He is still laughing as the piece goes off, and blows his heart out.

A child today is the same as a child of three thousand years ago; yet see the difference in the man. That is to say, a civilized, educated man lives three thousand years in thirty. Truly we are very old!

Yet sometimes we hark back along the trail until we reach a point that coincides with our environment—a point where the treatment of a primitive condition will not be warped by a misplaced modernism.

So it is with the company. Each man thinks of the headless corpses on the mountain side; each man is living in the glamor of late impression. They have seen savage sights; they have eaten the food of savages; they have thought savage thoughts; the cries of savages are ringing in their brains. In all their surroundings there is not one single object to remind them that they belong to an era of civilization. Their last of slaughter is reflected from the faces of those around them. They crave slaughter more than food and sleep.

Homesickness and fever, sun and treachery, have broken down their few centuries of civilization.

The fight is over. A score of dead men lie grotesquely as they fell. A score of prisoners stand sullenly, surrounded by their captors. The captain gazes on them moodily and tugs his long mustache. The men, panting and dripping sweat and blood, watch the captives as terriers surround a rat-trap. A beardless boy with the bar of a lieutenant pinned to the collar of his flannel shirt steps to his commanding officer.

"What shall we do with them?" he asks, nodding to the scowling group of natives.

The captain looks at his dead and wounded. New lines seem to furrow his care worn face.

"Bring them along. Make them carry the dead and wounded."

The column is again in motion, slower than before. In silence they entered the silent village, now deserted. They reach the market place.

"Halt!"

"Line those niggers up against the wall."

Scowling and sullen, muttering and watchful of a chance, the bolomen are jostled into place.

"Fall in!"

The weary men shuffle to their places.

"In two ranks! Form company-e-e! March!"

"Front rank—kneel!"

"Load!"

The boyish lieutenant turns to his captain. Both men's faces are pale beneath their tan.

"Are you going to shoot them, sir? Will it?"

"Oh, my God—what's the use—what else is there to do?"

One of the wounded men upon the bamboo stretcher groans, grips his abdomen, shrieks and drops back dead.

A change comes over the face of the lieutenant. He falls back to his place.

"Load!" The order is superfluous.

"Aim! Pick the man facing you!"

"Fire!"

A roar reaches from the mountain side. The brown line wavers and wits, proveling in the dust. Three men of the prisoners scramble to their knees.

Tom, now a sergeant, walks to the first, and places the muzzle of his revolver to his head.

"This is for Dick!" A sharp report. He walked to the second.

"This is for Harry!" The scream of the victim mingles with the crash. The third man leaps to his feet. The pistol covers him.

"This is for me!"

Stolen sweets are often indigestible.

The weather man is fixed in his dates.

The dog-catcher's labors should be curtailed.

The sculptor is obliged to carve out his own future.

The fool who rocks the boat generally lives to regret it.

It's too bad that some things seem to go to be true.

It doesn't take conscience to make cowards of some people.

The coal miner kicks because he is kept down in the world.

Illinois Central R R

EFFICIENTLY SERVES A VAST TERRITORY.

By through service to and from the following cities:

Chicago, Illinois.	Cincinnati, Ohio.
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AND THE PACIFIC COAST.

Connections at above terminals for the

East, West, South, North.

Fast and Handsomely Equipped Steam-Heated Trains—Dining Cars—Buffet Library Cars—Sleeping Cars—Free Reclining Chair Cars.

Particulars of agents of the Illinois Central and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

One baby makes a palace and three a poorhouse.

Bread cast upon the waters comes back to you very stale.

If it is a sin for a woman to glory in her beauty it is a beautiful sin.

Each succeeding Fourth of July seems noisier than its predecessor.

The man in the moon is blushing red because he sees so many queer things.

Humor is like whiskey in making a person who uses too much of it very wabby.

There is a glove trust now. It ought not to cost much to get a hand in that.

How much a man does for his wife depends on how much she doesn't do for herself.

It takes a red-headed girl to make a man think it isn't a woman's looks that count so much, but a woman's ways.

SWAPPING LIES

Is practiced, but don't swap off Hunt's Lightning Oil for a worthless article. Ask your druggist or merchant for a free sample bottle Hall & Lyle.

If corn keeps going up mush and milk can only be indulged in by the aristocrats.

Few women find it within their hearts to deem success, however gained, immoral.

After a man has been married too long he doesn't worry so much because life is too short.

HEAVEN HELP US

In our troubles, but Hunt's cure for Itch, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles and eczema. Guaranteed. Hall and Lyles.

Admiral Dewey talks like he shoots—straight to the mark.

Some men go through life looking as though they owed themselves money.

Many a fellow who is ambitious to get in the social swim finds himself in hot water.

Some people believe only what they see, and keep their eyes shut half the time at that.

The trouble with the average army hero is that he hasn't sense enough to keep his mouth shut.

Because a married man has a better half is no reason why he should lose sight of his better self.

The reports from London today are reassuring enough to suggest that perityphilitis is just a common boil.

One of the great disappointments to a woman is that no man places the value on his wife's forgiveness that the novels say he does.

The relatives of a bride take the friends, who call to see her on her wedding day, into her presence in very much the same way that the women who run things at a funeral, take visitors in to take a last look at the remains.

The President has signed the Panama Canal Bill and it is now a law. The assurance that the canal will be built will herald the beginning of one of the most liveliest industrial periods in the South the world has ever witnessed.

First Special Sale OF TOWN LOTS IN THE CREEK NATION, INDIAN TERRITORY.

NO. OF LOTS AND DATES OF SALE:

Winchell, about 299 lots, commencing July 16.

Henryetta, about 363 lots, commencing July 18.

Alabama, about 144 lots, commencing July 21.

Wetumka, about 97 lots, commencing July 22.

Poster, about 328 lots, commencing July 23.

Holdenville, about 23 lots, commencing July 26.

These are the first sales of town lots in the Creek Nation which enable purchasers to secure an absolute title to the property.



Will sell tickets at one fare for round trip on account of these sales.

TICKETS SOLD JULY 6TH AND JULY 17TH.

For full information write—

J. N. CORNATZAR, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.

A Tennessee couple who seems to have had more madness than sense or reason in their compositions, recently fell in love with each other, but each had a companion who stood as a barrier to their carrying forward their ardent wishes in a legal manner. But a solution was found. A tea made of nightshade was administered to the two individuals in the way, and both died suddenly three weeks ago. As they lived in different localities little thought was given to the incident attending their deaths, but as the two people freed by the acts of poison administered came together in less than three weeks time and were married, suspicion was aroused and an investigation ordered, which resulted in the arrest of both under the charge of murder. The man who poisoned his wife was Howard Jenkins, a mechanical engineer for the Knoxville Iron company, and the woman who poisoned her husband to be eligible as a bride three weeks later, was Mrs. Agnes Fleming, of Roane county, Tenn. Suspicion was first aroused by the interception of a letter from Jenkins to the Fleming woman just before her husband died.

The efforts of a few parties to resist the issuance of bonds and drainage of the large tract of rich bottom land now practically useless in the Chutautonchee bottom, under the special act of the legislature, is certainly in bad taste and based upon the strongest phase of folly. The proposed improvement means the bringing into use of over ten thousand acres of land as fine and as rich as any delta land in the state. To refuse to drain this fine tract means to leave it at the mercy of the floods and render the land practically useless. That a few kickers should be permitted to stay such an improvement looks silly.

In introducing Judge Sulzerberger, of Philadelphia, at a recent banquet after several rabbis had spoken, says an exchange, Dr. Henry M. Leipziger told this story:

"Two ladies once had a dispute as to which was the most influential, the clergy or the bench.

"I think the bench is the most influential," said one, "because the judge can say, 'You shall be hanged.'"

"But," said the other, "the clergyman can say, 'you shall be damned.'"

"Ah, yes," said the first, "but when the judge says 'You shall be hanged,' you are hanged."

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

IMPARTING VIGOR to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

will readily overcome Loss of Hair, Diseased Hoofs and Scratches in horses and cattle. Farmers try it.



And under a harrow

suffers no more than the faithful horse that is tortured with Spavins, Swinney, Harness Sores, Sprains, etc. Most horse owners know this and apply the kind of sympathy that heals, known far and wide as

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

Never fails—not even in the most aggravated cases. Cures caked under in cows quicker than any known remedy. Hardly a disease peculiar to muscle, skin or joints that cannot be cured by it.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

is the best remedy on the market for Wind Galls, Sprains and Skin Lumps. It keeps horses and mules in condition.

Assignee and Receiver's Sale.

By virtue of a decree of the Chancery Court rendered on 28th June, 1902, in the matter of the petition for the sale of stock of drugs assigned in the assignment of John H. Davis, therein directing the undersigned Assignee and Receiver to make sale thereof. The undersigned Assignee and Receiver will, for the next ten days, receive private sealed bids for said stock of drugs in bulk as a whole. And in the event the said Assignee and Receiver fails to receive a sufficient bid in price for said stock during and within the next ten days, then the said Assignee and Receiver will expose to public sale for cash, in front of the store-house where said stock of drugs are now kept in the City of Okolona, Miss., the said stock of drugs, on Saturday 12th of July, 1902, in bulk as a whole. This is a well assorted stock of drugs, inventoried at \$1,787.11.

And the said Assignee and Receiver will take pleasure in showing any one desiring to purchase, through the stock. Come one and come all, and buy a good stock of drugs in a prosperous town.

W. J. Bell,
Assignee & Receiver.

Fine Jewelry. Good Watchmaking



Maier's Jewelry House, Aberdeen, Miss.

Where the purchaser always gets exactly what he pays for, and where every piece of repair work, no matter how intricate, is guaranteed.

STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.

Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years.

NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.